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behooved the English translator to find an English equivalent if the book is not to look like a hodge-podge in three languages.

Philippe Monnier's book is full of charm and atmosphere, but both are lost in the ignorant translation. The book is handsomely bound and has a lovely photogravure of Tiepolo's "Portrait of a Page" as frontispiece.

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CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By JOHN A. GADE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

Spain has been subjected to a great many travel-books in the last ten years, and those of 1911 must stand comparison with some very excellent recent work. Royal Tyler's volume of last year was incomparably finer than the one under present consideration. Indeed, Mr. Gade's book is largely made out of Street's fine book, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*. The volume is, however, handsome, the photographs are fairly good, and Mr. Gade is a careful and conscientious observer.

If the book could be published in a small and portable form it would serve as a handy commentary to the ordinary guide-book. It is questionable whether a volume of mere architectural detail such as this is for reading. It is valuable as indicating minute points to the traveler, and good for reference and for refreshing the memory of one who has seen and enjoyed. Otherwise the volume is chiefly commendable as a pleasant-looking volume to lay on the drawing-room table. The plans of the cathedrals are good, but a few pen-and-ink drawings of details and interiors would have added immeasurably to the value of the volume. It contains studies of the cathedrals of Avila, Salamanca, the older and younger, Burgos, Toledo, Leon, Segovia, Seville and Granada. Santiago da Compostella, Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, Tudela were omitted to avoid bulk.

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SEA WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Commander E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Oddly enough, theoretical knowledge of a subject does not always mean correct execution. Mr. Currey, in the Preface to the present book, writes: "If this book possesses one supreme qualification, she [sic] will escape the fate mentioned, and this quality is—interest." The subject is one to stir the blood and fire the imagination. Those Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean who preceded the buccaneers of the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century, desperate fighters, fearless seamen, ruthless adventurers that they were, should make a book to satisfy the palate of the ten-year-old boy and the *blasé* woman who wants to be transported from the drab drudgery of every day to a more colored and excited atmosphere. Alas! Mr. Currey has gathered his data with conscientious industry, but the trailing clouds of glory, which alone can vivify a past time and set it living before one, are not to hand. The book deals with the lives, battles, and deaths of Uruj and Kheyrr-el-Din Barbarossa, with Andrea Doria, the Sultana Roxalana with her romantic and evil story, Dragut-Reis, "that corsair odious to God and man," his experiences as a galley slave and his ransom after four years' captivity, the Knights of St. John, the siege of Malta, Ali Basha of Algiers, the great battle of Sepanto—these should have made a thrilling book. Had Kipling handled this material or any

literary artist with a sense of omission and amplification, what a book we should have had! But, unfortunately, industry will not do in place of inspiration, and we have only a good book to refer to when memory plays one false as to times, places, battles, and characters. The pictures are rare and inspiring. That one of a galley, gaily flagged, of the Knights of Malta is enough in itself to set the imagination roving in past ages and wild seas, with fearless fighters and conscienceless pirates. Another splendid picture is that of Jean Parisot de la Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1565, with his beautiful armor, plumed helmet, and his white-crossed gown. What insight into primitive ways of fighting one gets from the picture of a *Brigantin donnant chasse à une Féroce, et prest à l'aborder.* Mr. Currey does not tell us where he got all his fascinating old prints, but for two of the best he returns thanks to Mr. Salvino Sant Manduca, of Malta. The book is beautifully bound and printed, a service always rendered by Messrs. Dutton & Co., and one for which the reading public cannot be too grateful. The facts gathered in the book, and the interesting and beautiful pictures, make this *divertissement* of an English naval officer well worth owning.

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IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE. By MAX VERNON. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

This is another entirely unpretentious yet readable and valuable record of a year spent in Florence and in excursions about the neighborhood. It is the more instructive that it aims at being nothing more than a very simple account of personal experience. One gains a real insight into the difficulties of housekeeping in Florence, the charm and delight of living in a rented villa, and the simple heavenliness of Italian servants. The wonder of the gardens is shown in the illustrations, the cool, steeple-like cypresses, the old gray stone walls with lovely iron lace-work gates let in, the gray, twisted olive-orchards, the climbing vines and tiny jutting balconies. Fancy being able to chronicle of one's cook, "She revealed herself no less a woman of heart and wit and beautiful devotion than an excellent cook and a willing slave to our every need," as well as having "an insatiable mania for polishing." Such people make the real joy of living with their cheery pleasure in personal service, and apparently there are none left except in Italy. For any one intending to live in Italy nothing could be better than the accounts given here of marketing, housekeeping, gardening, the village, and the village fair. The small churches of Florence also receive careful and abundant attention, and one very delightful and rare chapter treats of the hillside sculptors, those workmen who set up sheds near the quarries and who, having begun as simple stone-masons, graduated as skilled and endowed sculptors. Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maino, Desiderio da Settignano, the brothers Rossellini, Benedetto da Rovezzano, are among this primitive hillside school of sculpture. There is a valuable chapter on shopping and a charming incident related of the order given an obscure wood-carver for a pair of bellows with sea-horses on the sides. The wood-carver had many doubts as to the general appearance of sea-horses, and the patron was surprised a few days later to receive the bellows with sea-horses in relief of surprising accuracy and beauty. The very fin rays were numbered to the actuality. An authority could have named